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PIRATES SCOFFS AT KETCHELL
Says He was Only Second Class Heavyweight—Johnson
Defends Championship Against Michigan Man—De-
troit Decisively Licked in Final by Pittsburg for Base-
ball Championship.

Queenstown, Oct. 17.—When James J. Jeffries, the American heavyweight pugilist, who took the passage of the steamer Lusitania, bound for New York after a period of training in a suburb of Paris, heard of Jack Johnson's victory over Stanley Ketchell at San Francisco he said that it would in no wise affect his plans. Ketchell, he added, was only a middleweight and not by any means the best of the middleweights.

"Ketchell," continued Jeffries, "is trying to feed himself up to make the heavyweight class, but it will only weaken him. Johnson isn't much of a fighter."

His fight with Burns was no test, Burns is a...

"I can't see," Jeffries went on, "that Johnson will cover money. He wouldn't fight me if I did not think I could beat him."

One Jeffries' friends who is traveling with him remarked that the fight between Jeffries and Johnson would be a joke. Jeffries now weighs 230 pounds and he says he will fight at 210 or 212 pounds.

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Blanking the Detroit team, 8 to 0, in the decisive game of the seven played for the world's championship, Charles (Babe) Adams pitched the Pittsburg Pirates into their first victory's championship and earned for himself a place on the pinnacle of baseball fame Saturday afternoon at Detroit. He allowed but six widely scattered hits while his teammates amassed eight runs by crashing into the deliveries of Wild Bill Donovan and George Mullin. Detroit's main stay in the series. It was the third game won by Adams against Detroit in the world series.

Tell us the clever Pittsburg youngster, Charles took a chance and started his pitching as he had done earlier who looked so good. On the other hand, the entire Detroit team appeared exhausted and stale from the terrific strain of coming from behind and tying the series three times.

By allowing only six hits today, Adams continued an average of just a half dozen safeties as he was allowed twelve hits in his first two games.

The two twirlers upon whom Detroit had pinned its faith in winning the great series were lacking when the critical time came. Donovan lived up to his reputation by passing six batters and hitting another in the first two innings. While this lack of control allowed Pittsburg to score only two runs, it had a bad effect on the Detroit defense, and Pittsburg scored often after that.

Jennings then sent Mullin in for the fourth inning, as a last desperate resort, but the previous efforts of Detroit's "Iron Man" had evidently sapped his effectiveness as he was none too steady and was rapped for six runs. Byrne and Moriarty were both injured by the passing slugs, Moriarty and forced to retire.

Weather conditions were responsible for the fact that the attendance fell below 20,000. The temperature moderated a trifle at noon, but the thermometer hovered around the 50 mark and a chilly west wind whipped across the field and the spectators uncomfortable.

The climax of the fight was crowded with the best of the best. The bout that proved to be the last round had been little in the preceding rounds. The men in the center of the ring clenched and wrestled to Johnson's corner. The negro broke away, and pointing himself, dashed at Ketchell, who sprang to meet him. Ketchell drove his right fist at the white man's jaw, and his left straight at the stomach, and the right swung again with the speed of lightning, catching Ketchell's head as he recoiled back on the onslaught. Ketchell dropped in a heap and Johnson, unable to stop his rival, sprawled across his beaten rival's legs and fell full length on the floor.

The negro sprang to his feet with a bound, but Ketchell was on him before he could get to his feet. Johnson feebly moved his arms and rolled his head. He gave no other sign of life and his seconds picked him up from the floor barely conscious.

Johnson was still dazed. He clung to the ropes and looked about him in a bewildered way. The crowd broke in to murmuring and seemed unable to realize that the fight was over.

Ketchell won many friends by his showing from the time he entered the ring until he was carried out and he came to the core. Outweighed, overpowered and in every way the physical inferior of his gigantic opponent, he fought a cool, well planned, gritty fight. His face was puffed and he was bleeding at the nose and mouth before three rounds had passed, but he kept following the negro about the ring undaunted.

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COY TO THE RESCUE.
Cadets Had Yale Stalled—Yale Captain Goes In Second Half—Blue Wins, 17 to 0.

Yale defeated West Point by a score of 17 to 0 in a great game at West Point Saturday afternoon. The game was a Cadets' defense with straight, old-fashioned line backing football in the first half, the soldiers holding the Yale line back until the second half, when the Bulldog was forced to resort to the modern attack and pulled the brand from the burning in the second period, and the Yale forward line engaged in the opening period and the great Coy. together with Philbin and Howe had to be rushed to the aid of the warring players in the second period to force the plucky sons of Uncle Sam to bend the knee.

Coy's presence in the game for a few moments caused the Yale line to stride in the second half, and after they got going towards the West Point goal line the great captain was withdrawn.

Johnson at quarterback played a brilliant individual game, but he did not lead the team. He was the general that Howe did. Howe was back and see the soldiers' weakness and equally quick to take advantage of it. He changed the line of the Yale attack, and it was his splendid judgment and headwork that were responsible for the Yale victory. Vaughn at end received his forward pass splendidly and, once getting the oval, seldom failed to make good gains. Vaughn's catch of one forward pass and his dash into the enemy's territory and down through the cadets' backs for a touchdown was the game's most spectacular play.

The summary: Score, Yale 17, West Point 0; touchdowns, Philbin, Vaughn, Day; goals from touchdowns, Hobbs 3; punts, W. S. Forrester, 1; field goal, Carl Williams, Pennsylvania; field judge, W. R. Okeson, Lehigh; linesman, C. J. McCarthy, Gormanton academy; time of halves, 25 minutes.

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Tell us the clever Pittsburg youngster, Charles took a chance and started his pitching as he had done earlier who looked so good. On the other hand, the entire Detroit team appeared exhausted and stale from the terrific strain of coming from behind and tying the series three times.

By allowing only six hits today, Adams continued an average of just a half dozen safeties as he was allowed twelve hits in his first two games.

The two twirlers upon whom Detroit had pinned its faith in winning the great series were lacking when the critical time came. Donovan lived up to his reputation by passing six batters and hitting another in the first two innings. While this lack of control allowed Pittsburg to score only two runs, it had a bad effect on the Detroit defense, and Pittsburg scored often after that.

Jennings then sent Mullin in for the fourth inning, as a last desperate resort, but the previous efforts of Detroit's "Iron Man" had evidently sapped his effectiveness as he was none too steady and was rapped for six runs. Byrne and Moriarty were both injured by the passing slugs, Moriarty and forced to retire.

Weather conditions were responsible for the fact that the attendance fell below 20,000. The temperature moderated a trifle at noon, but the thermometer hovered around the 50 mark and a chilly west wind whipped across the field and the spectators uncomfortable.

The climax of the fight was crowded with the best of the best. The bout that proved to be the last round had been little in the preceding rounds. The men in the center of the ring clenched and wrestled to Johnson's corner. The negro broke away, and pointing himself, dashed at Ketchell, who sprang to meet him. Ketchell drove his right fist at the white man's jaw, and his left straight at the stomach, and the right swung again with the speed of lightning, catching Ketchell's head as he recoiled back on the onslaught. Ketchell dropped in a heap and Johnson, unable to stop his rival, sprawled across his beaten rival's legs and fell full length on the floor.

The negro sprang to his feet with a bound, but Ketchell was on him before he could get to his feet. Johnson feebly moved his arms and rolled his head. He gave no other sign of life and his seconds picked him up from the floor barely conscious.

Johnson was still dazed. He clung to the ropes and looked about him in a bewildered way. The crowd broke in to murmuring and seemed unable to realize that the fight was over.

Ketchell won many friends by his showing from the time he entered the ring until he was carried out and he came to the core. Outweighed, overpowered and in every way the physical inferior of his gigantic opponent, he fought a cool, well planned, gritty fight. His face was puffed and he was bleeding at the nose and mouth before three rounds had passed, but he kept following the negro about the ring undaunted.

posed of the best of the local amateur talent. The result was a complete slaughter of the juniors in the arena and deciding game of the series between the two teams. The game was a Cadets' defense with straight, old-fashioned line backing football in the first half, the soldiers holding the Yale line back until the second half, when the Bulldog was forced to resort to the modern attack and pulled the brand from the burning in the second period, and the Yale forward line engaged in the opening period and the great Coy. together with Philbin and Howe had to be rushed to the aid of the warring players in the second period to force the plucky sons of Uncle Sam to bend the knee.

Coy's presence in the game for a few moments caused the Yale line to stride in the second half, and after they got going towards the West Point goal line the great captain was withdrawn.

Johnson at quarterback played a brilliant individual game, but he did not lead the team. He was the general that Howe did. Howe was back and see the soldiers' weakness and equally quick to take advantage of it. He changed the line of the Yale attack, and it was his splendid judgment and headwork that were responsible for the Yale victory. Vaughn at end received his forward pass splendidly and, once getting the oval, seldom failed to make good gains. Vaughn's catch of one forward pass and his dash into the enemy's territory and down through the cadets' backs for a touchdown was the game's most spectacular play.

The summary: Score, Yale 17, West Point 0; touchdowns, Philbin, Vaughn, Day; goals from touchdowns, Hobbs 3; punts, W. S. Forrester, 1; field goal, Carl Williams, Pennsylvania; field judge, W. R. Okeson, Lehigh; linesman, C. J. McCarthy, Gormanton academy; time of halves, 25 minutes.

The whole story is shown below:

P. A. C.	A. C. Jrs.	W.	L.	T.
Adams	8	0	0	0
Tigers	0	8	0	0
Total	8	8	0	0

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ACADEMY SECOND PLAYS GOOD FOOTBALL.
Win from Outlaws, 11 to 0—Losers Had One Chance on Fluke.

The Academy second team scored a win, 11 to 0, over the Greenville Outlaws Saturday afternoon on the Academy campus. The teams were evenly matched and both played a fine fight, making the Academy earn all it got by good hard play against their less experienced opponents.

All the scoring was in the first half. McNamara and Captain Crowe carrying the ball over for touchdowns from the Casey field. McNamara's spectacular feature came with the concluding play of the game, when Lowden dropped the ball, and McNamara got Mullen had the leather up and was half down the field before anyone could reach him. McNamara's kick, however, failed to score. McNamara's kick, however, failed to score.

The officials were: Noyes, referee; Hendrick, umpire, and Ricketts, field judge.

The following were the lineups:
Academy Second—Out, Porter, K. Ricketts, Higgins and Havens, C. Bliss, Taylor, R. Johnson, R. Sullivan, C. Crowe, C. W. Lowden and McNamara rfb, Casey fb.

Outlaws—Fielding, L. Mullen, H. K. Ricketts, H. McMahon, C. Leonard, T. Connors, R. Downing, R. Shahan, G. Marino lfb, Dunbar rb, Brady fb.

PRINCETON SHOWS STRONG GAME.
Defeats Swans, 20 to 0—Long Runs by Tiger Backs.

Princeton swamped the strong Swans, eleven by a score of 20 to 0 Saturday afternoon on the Princeton gridiron. For the first time this season the Orange and Blue combination showed that it knew something about football. Princeton scored eight points in the first half, and twelve in the second, the latter players being forced to make a safety in the first period.

Read was the star of the Tigers, making two touchdowns. He was a 65 yard run by Read around right end was a spectacular feature. Princeton, besides revealing a powerful attack, uncovered a big weakness, though. Hart starred in the backfield.

Summary